

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, July 8, 1911.

According to the latest theory, it is for you, if bothered with flies, to get a family frog.

Poor little King Alfonso is reported in the hands of nine physicians. Surely the days of the Spanish monarch must be numbered.

If you really want to get away from that horrid feeling, start a boom all along the line in Rock Island. This is ideal booster weather.

John D. Rockefeller is going to spend most of his vacation helping to reorganize the Standard Oil trust. The supreme court has practically spoiled the whole summer for Pious John. It is a shame.

Hiram Maxim says he has completed an invention which will make it possible to fire the largest cannon without flash or sound. Now if he will stop the recoil and make the shot harmless, cannon firing may become a real pleasure.

Imagine the sensation which overcame that auto driver who, while plunging along the edge of a steep embankment, wondered if it would be safe to take his hand off the wheel long enough to brush a bee off the end of his nose. What would you do under such perplexing circumstances?

Wire-pulling has usually had a sinister significance, but it was not supposed to be an indictable offense until the department of justice, in its crusade against combinations which in the light of reason must be held guilty of restricting trade, procured the indictment of a large number of eminent business men connected with the wire combination.

Having defended President Roosevelt's course in preventing the prosecution of the sugar trust on the Earle evidence, the New York World suggests that perhaps Representative Madison of Kansas as a good progressive republican will volunteer to defend him for granting the steel trust a license to buy the Tennessee Coal & Iron company.

A steel trust covering the universe has just been organized in Brussels. Thirty millionaires compose the committee, and the chairman is that amiable philanthropist, Judge Gary, who has several times begged the government to restrain him from anything naughty. The judge says he sees a new code of fellowship among the frontsmen of the world. That it will be a secret code calculated to puzzle a Sherlock Holmes goes without saying.

Speaking of reciprocity between the United States and Canada, there is one thing in which their methods of justice do not seem reciprocal. Up in Canada they are going to hang a poor woman who killed a worthless brute of a husband who was trying to make a "white slave" of her. At St. Louis the prosecuting attorney declares it will be impossible to get a verdict for the extreme penalty in a case where a woman shot her sleeping husband's head off.

E. E. Buffum, for several years telegraph editor of The Argus, has been accorded an indefinite leave of absence and will take an extended trip for the benefit of his health. Mr. Buffum is one of the brightest and ablest newspaper men in the three cities, and his faithful and conscientious work has well merited the appreciation of the publication. His first page of The Argus has attracted state-wide attention and has brought distinction to the paper as well as to himself. It is the prayerful hope of The Argus, and all connected with it, that, free from the exacting requirements of his desk, Mr. Buffum may soon be restored to complete health and resume his old place on the staff of the paper.

Keep Up the Fight.

Speaker Adkins celebrated that hot Fourth of July by pointing his oratorical toy cannon at Governor Deneen. The trouble with Speaker Adkins, however, is that every time he fires he gets powder in his face, because he calls attention to his anti-Deneen alliance with the Chiperfield-Browne legislative crowd.

However, Adkins thinks he is playing a smooth game of politics, and he is entitled to democratic encouragement because he is only throwing oil into the flames which are consuming the republican party in Illinois from Galena to Cairo. The only democratic regret is that the Deneen forces don't fight back a little harder, and throw in a little oil themselves. The Adkins-Chiperfield-Browne anti-administration crowd may reasonably be attacked from many points of vantage. But the governor and his friends

are obviously saving their ammunition and energies for the general state-wide battle that is sure to be fought when the campaign is formally launched. Never was democratic opportunity in Illinois brighter. Keep up the fight!

Our Own Sir Richard in the Far West.

Former Governor Richard Yates is keeping several important lecture engagements in the far west and is being enthusiastically greeted by large audiences.

In this connection, the following leading editorial from the Morning Union of Nevada City, Cal., will be of interest to Governor Yates' fellow citizens of the commonwealth of Illinois, sustaining as it may the old adage about the poet without honor:

"Those who went to hear Governor Yates last evening went away from the auditorium at the conclusion of the lecture better men, and women, more fitted for the duties of citizenship, because they were given an outline of what better citizenship must be attained by them if the government is to continue to progress and be the kind of government which was designed by its founders.

"Governor Yates is intensely patriotic and his patriotism may have been the means of prejudicing so in favor of this government that he is blinded to many of the faults now existent and apparent; but just the same he fully analyzed all that is required for good government, all that is needed for good citizenship, although he did not tell how and in what manner these could be attained.

"He left it to the good sense of his hearers to understand that good citizenship must be created by the individual in the upbuilding of himself and that when the individual united have created good citizens from themselves that the country at large will be the better for it.

"That is the way in which the evolution of the government is attained. The people must each make themselves better and then as nearer perfect units of the base of government they will make a nearer perfect government.

"Such should be the desire of all."

The Question of Publicity as to Suicides.

Declaring suicide to be a private affair and that "there is no more justification for the publication of suicide accounts than there is for publishing other private matters," the American Academy of Medicine appeals to the press to refrain from the portrayal of the facts of self destruction, in the theory that one instance is apt to incite another.

It is to be admitted from newspaper experience that, as a general rule, one suicide is followed in quick succession by others where the means employed are the same. At the coroner's office it is a well-settled conviction, however irreverently expressed, that "one gets three," and the trained reporter "covering" the office is alert for the second and third "stories" he considers are sure to come. However, it happens frequently, it is gratifying to note that one does not "get three" or even two.

Granting that the rule is of several suicides in succession, that does not prove the doctor's contention that publicity of the details of suicide is the cause of all but the first suicide. The doctors say the publication is vicious in its suggestion. But they are not prepared to say that if there was no publicity there would be no suicides, and hardly a single responsible member of the profession would risk his reputation on a declaration that less publicity of suicides would be attended by fewer suicides. They may think there would be but they do not know there would be.

We fancy that the man despondent and out of work, the man hopelessly invalidated, the love-lorn youth, the hypochondriac, the embezzling banker, the failure in business, or the hysterical person who makes a mountain out of a molehill, do not wait for suggestion of suicide from a newspaper.

In no country in the world has the rate of suicides been higher than in ancient Rome, where the gentlemen down in his luck opened his veins. Japan leads the world in suicides, and has led it for a good many decades, yet in Rome there was none, and in Japan, until the last few years, only a few, newspapers. The Japanese officer who commits harikari doesn't wait for suggestion from the Tokio Mail.

There is superficial evidence supporting the doctors' contention, but there is so much to be said in its proof of it that the contention cannot be accepted without grave questioning.

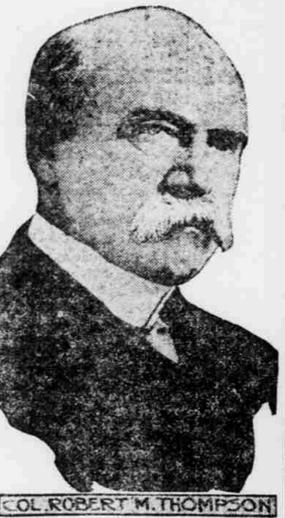
MORE TARIFF REVISION IS ANTICIPATED IN THE SENATE

(Continued from Page One.)

freely conceded that the session will not continue far into August, notwithstanding this newly considered legislation.

HAS THE OPPORTUNITY. That "the progressive alliance in control of the senate" can pass more tariff revision legislation than the reciprocity bill at this session is the belief of several senators. Speaking for his colleagues, Senator Newlands said: "I am aware that in this great work the democrats may not accomplish all that they hope to accomplish. I am aware that they may not be able to pass the bills in the precise form in which they passed the house. The difference, however, between the democrats and progressive republicans is that while the progressive republicans cannot, consistently with their principles, go as far in the

Pennsylvania Society of New York Will Place Tablet to William Penn's Memory In London Church.



COL. ROBERT M. THOMPSON



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF ALLHALLOWS

The Pennsylvania Society of New York has sent representatives to London to place a tablet to the memory of William Penn in the Church of Allhallows, Barking. This church, which dates back to medieval times, is the only building left standing in London which is definitely associated with Penn's birth, as it was in this edifice that he was baptized, the certificate of that ceremony being still preserved. Colonel Robert M. Thompson, president of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, will preside at an international William Penn dinner in London on the evening of July 13, the date of the unveiling of the tablet.

line of reduction as the democrats would in the matter of tariff reform. The democrats, acting upon their principles, can go as far as the progressive republicans are willing to go, and can justify themselves before their party and before the country upon that issue.

HOPE FOR RESULTS. "I hope, therefore, that this alliance, which has put the senate practically in control of the progressives, which has given them not only control, but responsibility, will be fruitful of results."

Many Kinds of Knives. An extraordinary thing about the cutlery trade is the variety of knives made. At the Suffolk works in Sheffield, for instance, they have 10,000 different patterns on the books. They make sometimes 8,000 patterns to order at one time. The same thing is true of the large cutlery works at Solingen, in Germany. One firm has 9,000 patterns for Germany alone. New ones are constantly coming out. The Suffolk works have averaged ten new patterns a week for two years. This is a trade that will not be standardized, which is one reason why America has failed hitherto to compete.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Important Question. The new freeman was telling his wife about the fire. "It broke out at midnight in the Von Biffers' house on the avenue," he said, "and just as we got there Miss von Biffer came stumbling out of the flames and smoke, carrying her little niece all wrapped up in her arms. It was the bravest act I ever saw."

"What was she wearing?" inquired the freeman's wife.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Argus Daily Short Story

The Power of Steam—By Jack Tomlinson. Copyrighted, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

Many people nowadays consider the perils of the sea to be due to the sea alone. The time of piracy—being wrecked on a shore and falling into the hands of savages or being eaten by cannibals—is supposed now to belong to the past. This is not the case. There are pirates today on the coast of China and on the Malay archipelago, and as for falling into the hands of savages, and that within twelve months past, I have such a story to tell myself.

I was second officer of the American tramp steamer Evelyn Hope. We were running along the coast of Brit-

toward the Evelyn Hope. Of course we got into our boat at once and raced with the blacks for the vessel. When they saw that we would reach it before them they lay on their oars and contented themselves with observing our movements.

They watched us all the afternoon, and our captain concluded that they were waiting for the darkness, when they would attack us, and if they captured our ship we would all doubtless be murdered. We scoured the vessel for arms, and all we found was a shotgun, a rifle and two revolvers. We had a dozen white seamen aboard and a mixture of copper colored men, mostly Malays. Late in the afternoon the blacks sent a boat toward us, probably to draw our fire and discover how strong we were. At the sight of the negro warriors our Asiatics howled so with fright that the captain ordered them all below. We did not gratify the blacks by firing at them.

Our chance for our lives looked very small. Our armament wouldn't afford a weapon each to our white crew. As for the rest, they were not worth arming. Suddenly I thought of a weapon that would serve us better than powder and ball. We had plenty of hose aboard, and it occurred to me to couple it to the boilers and fight the blacks with steam.

What frightened our men was that some of them remembered that several years ago a French ship had gone ashore on this or another island on this very part of the coast and the natives had massacred all on board. The outlook with a couple of hundred black devils waiting for night to come to treat us the same way was, to say the least, not reassuring, especially since our principal weapon was steam.

We calculated that it would be high tide about 9 o'clock in the evening. If we weren't captured before that there was a possibility of our sliding off into deep water. Once free we could put on steam and sail away without molestation. But the blacks knew this as well as we and were not likely to delay their attack till the tide helped us off.

or delay. We put two rows, one above the other, from stern to midships in order to make it easier for the blacks to attack us aft, thus concentrating them to our advantage.

We had two couplings on the boilers and hose enough to reach any part of the ship from both couplings. By sunset we had all our dispositions made. The captain was in command. The first officer was to work the port and I the starboard hose. The arms were distributed among the white crew. The Asiatics were kept in the hold.

As the evening approached they began to cry to be let out, not relishing being murdered like rats in a trap. And they also feared that the blacks might set the ship afire or let the water in on them to drown them. We paid no attention to them, and they finally became more quiet.

Long before the sun surrendered the day to the moon we had everything in readiness to repel boarders. Openings were left in the fencing, which was closely woven, with a barb on top, so that we could fire at our enemies as well as keep them from getting at us. When there was only moonlight a dark cloud rolled over our big round lantern and hid it. As it was being obscured we saw every canoe pulled furiously toward us.

It seemed to me that we fifteen white men opposed to more than three times their number of strong men armed with spears they were used to handling, besides probably some firearms, had a very small chance for our lives. We were supported, however, by faith in our arrangements for their reception, and if we could reach them with our steam jets we had confidence in its power to harm them considerably.

Now and again while our enemies were pulling toward us a thin part of the cloud passing over the moon would give us some light. The coming canoes and their loads were black as Erebus, though here and there we would see a flash when the moonlight struck a shield or a steel weapon. Nearer came the black death till the canoes reached a point a cable's length from us. Two pulled to port, two to starboard.

I wondered how they proposed to board us, for we had been careful to leave nothing hanging for them to take hold of. As soon as they came beside us and under our stern we learned their method. They were provided with ropes of their own making—of what material I did not know—and at the end of each was a sort of V made from a forking branch, one side being free to form a hook. They no sooner came near enough than they began to throw these Vs to catch on the gunwale. But here our wire fencing stood us in good stead. The blacks found it impossible to get an attachment except at the openings we had purposely left for our own action.

Standing at my post with my nozzle, I saw one of the canoes come toward me, and its crew, seeing a single man apparently unarmed to defend the opening, pulled directly under me. One of them threw a V, which caught on the gunwale, and a black came quickly up, climbing hand over hand. I gave him a dose of steam right in the face.

With a wild shriek, he dropped into the boat. I dared not remain exposed to a spear thrown from below; but, sighting the position of the boat, I reached out with the nozzle in my hand and poured a stream of hot vapor into it. Knowing by their yells that they were in distress, I made hold to lean over the ship's side and turn the stream from one end of the canoe to the other.

For awhile the blacks were too paralyzed to act; then every one who had not been severely scalded jumped into the water, leaving the wounded in the boat to drift away. Of course as soon as they were put out of the fight I desisted.

Meanwhile the first officer was having a similar experience with the blacks on the other side, as I well knew from the yells coming from that direction. I had no sooner driven off my enemies than I was ordered by the captain to the stern, where several blacks had already climbed up and were jumping down on the deck. I did not need to go to them. I simply turned a steam jet on them. Some fell on the deck; others managed to get over the taffrail and down into their canoe or the water.

And so at every point we achieved an easy victory without firing a shot. Great is the power of steam. Since our triumph on the African coast with no other weapon I have wondered why military men should not place boilers with hose attachments in fortifications for the close work. Might it not be made as effective as a Gatling gun?

As we saw the canoes pulling away to get rid of the dreadful hot water we felt our ship sliding off the reef. A cheer both for our victory and for the friendly tide that had freed us went up, doubtless the greatest noise from the mingling of human voices that had ever been heard on that silent shore. In a few minutes we were in deep water, and instead of using our steam to scald negroes we moved away under it toward a friendly port.

I've been through hurricanes and been wrecked on a deserted island, but never in all my sailor life have I been so scared as when those blacks were waiting for darkness to come aboard and murder us.

July 8 in American History

- 1758—General Abercrombie's attack on Fort Mifflin with 15,000 British repulsed with a loss of 2,000.
1778—French fleet arrived in Delaware bay to aid the Revolution.
1792—Congress voted to make Washington the seat of government.
1887—Ben Holiday, pioneer of the famous pony express, died at Portland, Ore.; born 1819.
1907—Senator Isham G. Harris, noted Tennessean, died; born 1818.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

CONSERVATISM.

CONFORM and be like others. In manners, style and hat Or you will not be in it. And maybe worse than that. Most men are cut to measure. Marked with the selfsame stamp. As for the one that's different. They drive him from the camp.

The thoughts that they are thinking. The creeds that stir their heart. The books that they are reading. Their common trend in art— Take all these for your guiding. If you a life would lead Of peace and calm contentment Conform in word and deed.

If they have toast for breakfast Let toast your table grace. If they are mad for money Join in the merry chase. If they are reading some one You cannot comprehend Chip in and guess the meaning— You can at least pretend.

But if you have a mission And if you feel the thrill Of some new-born idea And hence cannot be still Prepare to meet reproaches, Prepare to stand alone, A target for resentment, Scorn, curses and the ston.

The Difference. Dressed in his new Panama hat and arrayed in the radiant suit of clothes with which he bluffed the world, Mr. Larson called on a moving man to see how much it would be to move his household goods to another residence a few blocks away.

"Fifteen dollars," said the moving man after sizing him up. Then he went home and put on his oldest suit and a hat that antedated the flood to help with the packing. Thus arrayed, he called on another moving man and asked the price. "About \$10," said the second man after looking him over.

His Trouble.



"His eyes are cut on the bias." "But do you think he is honest?" "How can he be?" "Why?" "He wouldn't know a square deal if he saw it."

Wanted Company.

"How is the water?" asked the one on the shore to the one in the bathing suit just coming out. "Fine! Couldn't be better." Thus assured, the victim stripped and plunged in. "Why, you pirate!" he shouted. "This is ice water, and you said it was fine. Peary didn't find anything colder at the pole."

"Keep still, you chump! How do you expect to entice any one else to come in if you tell the truth about it?"

Time to Do.

"I must; the hour is late. Adieu, dear heart; adieu, adieu!" But still he hung around the gate Till dad called out, "Adieu; please do!"

Shrewd Girl.

"Susan?" "Yes, mother?" "Why do you allow these silly men to write you so many love letters?" "I am saving them all." "But what for?" "Some day I shall write the great American novel."

Explained.

"What is your idea of a perfect wife." "One who never lets on how dreadfully bored she is."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The man who is wise is so busy that he has no time to be foolish.

A friend in need isn't a friend indeed unless he has plenty of the needful.

A small boy is generally purchasable and generally has a high sense of his own value.

Inheriting money is the way that most of us would like to earn our living.

No doubt forgiveness is easy to those who have been paid up.

A man always firmly regards obstinacy as essentially a feminine attribute.

Happiness may not bring money, but it rolls in a lot of things that are just as good.

A kick in time often saves a disaster.

Some people are poor, but respectable, and others are just rich.

A deadbeat can beat you to it most any day.

Satan always hugs himself when he sees a man beginning to get stuck on himself.

Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury is quickly relieved by the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is equally valuable for muscular rheumatism, and always affords quick relief. Sold by all drug stores.

Advertisement for Frazer Coal Co. featuring the text 'Your Winters Coal' and 'FRAZER COAL CO. Incorporated. Office, 1922 Third Ave., Phone, West 611, Rock Island, Ill.'